The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME II.—No. 5.

CONTENTS.

Editorials, - - - - - - - - - 59

The Young Englishman's Summer, *N. K. F., Sp.* 60

Rhymes for my Sweetheart, *Effie Banta*, '91, 65

Writing as a Post-Graduate Study, - - - - - - - - *Helen Page Bates*, '83 65

Matutinal, - - - - - - - - - 67

News of the Week, - *Blanche B. Baker*, '92, 67

College Notes, - - - - - - - - *Cornelia Green*, '92, *and Bertha Brush*, '93, 70

Inter-Collegiate Notes, - *Caroline Frear*, '93, 72

Our Exchanges, - - *Caroline Frear*, '93, 72

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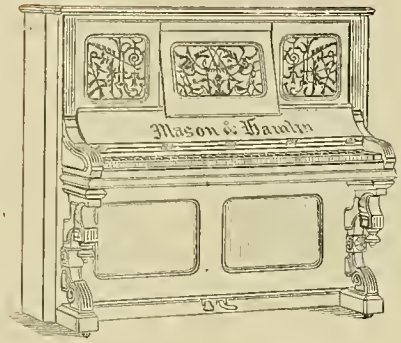

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

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All literary communications from the students of the College should be sent to LITERARY EDITOR OF THE PRELUDE, through the PRELUDE box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the College should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Charlotte F. Roberts, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions should be sent, *in all cases*, to Esther Bailey, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

ADVERTISEMENTS and other business communications should be addressed to Brown Bros., 43 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

A PLACE in the Reading Room has been set apart for the college exchanges, which will hereafter be kept on the table at the left of the door as you enter. This is a far better plan than keeping them on the table in the second floor centre, for naturally the place for exchanges is in the Reading Room. Here the papers will be kept on file and arranged in order regularly.

Our exchange list at present numbers twenty-six, and this number will probably be somewhat enlarged. It includes the best college papers, among them the Brunonian, Cornell Era, and Dartmouth beside other papers containing college news. All prominent colleges are represented.

We would recommend all students to take advantage of this opportunity of keeping up with the times in the college world at least. So often we find complaint brought against us because we do not keep up with the world outside; and yet how much more at fault are we if we do not follow the lines of interest in general college life, of which our own Wellesley life is a part.

Why can there not be an Intercollegiate Tennis League among the principal women's colleges? It seems as if such a league might be an unusual advantage in many ways. First of all, to stimulate greater interest in athletics. More satisfactory work is done, always, when a particular object is kept in view, and an annual intercollegiate tournament would serve as a stimulus to earnest and vigorous practice during the entire college year. Such exercise as tennis is good for anyone, and it is of particular value to us in this busy life of constant mental activity, which requires plenty of physical exercise to balance it. The spirit of friendly rivalry gives zest to any pursuit, and the desire to make a record, together with a real interest in tennis, would lead many a girl to play oftener and to play more earnestly.

If for no other reason, then, the Inter-collegiate Tennis League would be a benefit in stimulating in each of the colleges participating in it an increased interest in exercise which is an important aid to high attainments in regular College work.

But other good results would follow from such an association, not the least among which would be the broadening of sympathy, and more intimate connection between the colleges. The forming of inter-collegiate friendships, the more personal connection of students of one college with another, would tend to draw the colleges closer together, making them more truly sisters than rivals.

Somehow, no one ever plucked
A rag, even, from the body of the Lord,
To wear and mock with, but, despite himself,
He looked the greater and was the better.

—*Browning.*

THE YOUNG ENGLISHMAN'S SUMMER.

His name was Sidney Lane.

He was a young wood-engraver in the Transit Company, who had a large works at Rynd Farm.

Rynd Farm was an oil-town in the north-western part of Pennsylvania.

He had been in America just two years the fifteenth of this July. Six months of thistime, he had spent at Rynd Farm, and they had been the loneliest six months of his life. Years afterwards, the loneliness he had suffered there, came back to him and oppressed him. The inhabitants of Rynd Farm did not particularly interest him. But he liked anything that was decided or characteristic, and their crudeness and ignorance satisfied, at least, both these adjectives. Everything was characteristic about this small oil-metropolis—from the tall, ungainly derrick that disfigured the profile of every mountain-hill, to the loud dressing of the women and their assaults, in their wretched use of grammar, upon the English language. To the latter, the young Englishman had grown accustomed; of the former, he took a half-a-dozen prints with his Kodak, to exhibit to his friends, not because of the beauty of an oil-derrick, but "they were so characteristic," he said.

Sidney Lane was twenty-five. A tall, handsome fellow of six feet, with a well-developed physique. In complexion, he was a true Saxon. He dressed carelessly, in summer, adopting the flannel-shirt and large, comfortable walking-boot. Walking was Sidney Lane's hobby, and among his men friends, he was called a famous pedestrian. His manners were easy and graceful, but at no time, either ostentatious or enthusiastic. He lacked that ingenuousness of speech and manner characteristic of many American young men, and which, though depriving them of any great amount of dignity, makes them both pleasing and attractive to most women, especially to the older, quieter sort.

In the dining-room of the boarding-house where Mr. Lane lived, there were three tables. The Methodist preacher, whose wife was absent for the summer, occupied with his little daughter, the seats on his right; opposite him, sat Mr. Peel, the superintendent of The Transit, a loud, talkative man, and curiously opinionated for a person who knew so little. He possessed unlimited wealth, and amusingly declared that the small village of Rynd Farm was divided into three distinct classes —laboring men, professional men and capitalists! Mr. Peel, of course, belonged to the third class.

His wife was a tall, gaunt woman, with eyes deep sunken and a sallow complexion. She dressed conspicuously, wearing her diamonds indiscriminately at six o'clock breakfast as well as at noon dinner.

The places on his left were unoccupied, but they had an expectant air; for the maid had for the past six months, persistently set the two plates and napkins, audaciously crossing the knives and forks, and only removing the two chairs for greater convenience in serving.

It was the first of July. Mr. Lane would finish his work for the Company in two weeks, and he had accepted a position to engrave the catalogues for a large steel-works in M——.

He sat eating his breakfast, glancing up now and then from a book at his right elbow. He always read at breakfast. Nobody was there to interrupt him, and it gave zest to his appetite. He broke a piece of toast and turning to pour the hot milk into the abominably strong coffee, he observed that two chairs had been added to the vacant places.

Finishing his breakfast, he opened the dining-room door, but turned suddenly aside to admit two strangers,—a plain elderly lady and a pretty young woman.

"We are very late, I guess," said the latter, allowing Mr. Lane to pass out, commenting to himself, "Wonder who they are? That American 'I guess,' is used regardlessly, quite characteristic though"—.

The young woman was a Wellesley girl. A Wellesley girl and her aunt who had come to spend several weeks at Rynd Farm.

Rynd Farm was certainly an out-of-the-way corner in which to waste the precious weeks of a college-girl's vacation.

But, Mrs. Marine and her neice were prompted by purely mercenary and practical reasons in coming to Rynd Farm. Since May, Mrs. Marine had been a widow. At the time of her husband's death, his business, which consisted in the management of a large and productive oil-territory was in

a most complicated condition. At the suggestion of her niece, Helen Marine, an orphan and her adopted daughter, Mrs. Marine had decided to make an investigative tour of her husband's oil-territory.

Mrs. Marine was one of that exceptional type of American women who are born with good financial instincts. Naturally level-headed and very fond of business, she was pleased that Helen should choose Rynd Farm with its picturesque surroundings as the most attractive place for her summer sketching, and she gladly carried out the girl's proposal.

Helen Marine was not so intellectual looking, but much prettier than the typical Wellesley girl. There was a characteristic style in her dress; a natural graciousness of manner,—something all her own, which her friends said gave her an "air."

She was tall and slender, bearing herself with singular erectness, without loss of suppleness or grace. The outlines of her head were perfect, and she had an abundance of soft, blonde hair, which was neatly and artistically arranged. Her features were long and straight, a rather prominent nose, sensitive mouth, and very blue eyes, from which shone an expression mirthful and sincere.

At dinner-time, Mrs. Bevey the land-lady, came into the dining-room and introduced Mr. Lane and his table to their new companions.

"Do you live in the East?" queried Mr. Peel. Helen looked toward her aunt for a response, but as none was forthcoming, replied, "No, we live in Cincinnati, though for the past three years, I have been in Wellesley College." "Wesleyan College?" interrogated the quiet, little Methodist minister. "Oh! no, not Wesleyan, but *Wellesley*," hastily corrected Helen. "That mistake is so frequently made. It seems strange too: for Wesleyan College is only a small—." "Wellesley, Wellesley, where is Wellesley?" was the persistent monologue of the old gentleman, who had evidently not heard Helen's remark. By this time, Helen was impatient, and said half-indignantly, "Why, have you never heard of Wellesley College? It is fifteen miles from Boston on the Boston and Albany Road."

The Englishman gave an amused glance from the corner of his small blue eyes, and left the table.

Several evenings later, Helen and her aunt sat alone in the parlor, a room furnished in such poor taste, that Helen laughingly told her aunt, that she felt just like looking out of the window all the while, for the combination of colors in the table-scarf and tidies was such a trial to her.

To-night, however, it stormed frightfully outside and despite her wishes, Helen had to endure the little parlor.

"No one will disturb us here, play for me, dear," said Mrs. Marine.

"My guitar is upstairs, Aunt, but I'll go and get it."

"The sight is exceedingly fine!" exclaimed Mr. Lane, as Helen descended the stairs. "Ah! Miss Marine, you will enjoy the sight. Come out on the piazza," and he led the way followed by Helen and her aunt.

From the high hills the lightning sprays shot forth, and the thunder growled from behind them like a caged beast. Every instant the horizon grew darker, the grey turning into blue, the blue into purple and black. Suddenly a bright pink light shone about the top of the lowest hill. It grew more and more intense, suffusing the horizon for some distance, until silently, stealthily creeping into the pink, came a black, smoking cloud-figure in the suggestive shape of a camel or dromedary. The lightning grew more and more vivid, obscuring by its lurid, white light this strange picture, which was not nature's painting but arose from an oil-fire in a town twelve or fifteen miles away.

In the intervals of the thunder and lightning, Mr. Lane carefully scrutinized Helen, and on re-entering the house accepted Mrs. Marine's invitation to join them in the parlor.

"Do you play on the guitar, Miss Marine? Pretty instrument," he said, taking up Helen's guitar, and examining its inlaid corners. "I wonder if I were mistaken, the other night, in thinking that I heard a guitar in this house?" asked Helen. "No, I play a little, would you like to see my guitar?" The Englishman disappeared, returning with an old Italian instrument. "How beautiful, Aunt," cried Helen. "It is a pretty one," he said. "One of my Grandmother's. It has been in the family for years." Helen took it from him, and holding it towards the light, read in the inside—

Gendaro Fabricator
Juno 1700
Sirada Toledo, No 223
Napoli

"Why how interesting! Here is the name of the maker, the date, and the place—Napoli—Naples. It is very old." This was a discovery to Mr. Lane as well as to Helen; for he had never noticed the card before, or at least, had never taken the pains to translate the words.

"Won't you play for us, Miss Marine?" The guitar had an exquisitely mellow tone, and Helen played remarkably well, to the delight of the Englishman. "You have taken long?" he said. "Yes, I have played ever since I was a little girl." "You have certainly had excellent training. The most difficult chords, you seem to play with ease and understanding. There is so much superficial knowledge among Americans. Ah! but I beg your pardon—," "Please continue, Mr. Lane. Any deprecatory remarks you may make concerning Americans, I shall be glad to challenge. But, seriously, I wish you would tell me how the average American you meet, compares with your countrymen." Mr. Lane hesitated, but re-assured by the earnest, straightforward expression of the girl's face, ventured to express his opinion. "Just a little superficial, a little superficial. American people know *about* so many things; know, for instance, the names of hosts of books, of which they have never read a line." But, Mr. Lane, I hope you do not judge all Americans by this little section of country,—where the people do not have the slightest idea of anything beyond the 'Daily Derrick,' and an occasional second-rate magazine. How long have you been in this country?" "Two years only" he replied, "but six months of that time, I lived in New York. I have also been in Boston. I know where Wellesley is." "Are you a college-man?" "No, my father's death made it necessary for me to leave school at an early age. I have always regretted that I could not go." As he uttered the last sentence, his voice lost its slightly sarcastic tone, for one almost sad. Helen fearing lest the conversation were growing too personal, pleaded weariness on the part of her Aunt and herself, and bade the Englishman good-night.

Sidney Lane knew very little about women. He had no sisters, and his mother's life, since he had been able to appreciate it, had been absorbed in the care of his invalid brother. His life had been one of constant activity. From school into the apprentice-shop, and then across the water to make his fortune. He had had little leisure to seek the companionship of women. Since he had come to America, he had come in contact with a number of the trivial, ordinary sort,—the pretty, stylish young woman of our smaller towns, and he still attained the idea, ingrafted into him from his boyhood, that a woman was something to be cared for and protected, and never to be looked up to. The strong, steady beam of the "higher education" had never shone across his horizon.

A week or two elapsed, and Helen and Mr. Lane were thrown constantly together. The guitar was, at once, a common bond between them, and the young engraver sketched a little.

At first, he joined them two or three evenings each week, then every other evening, until finally it became the natural proceeding for Mr. Lane to accompany Mrs. Marine and her niece into the parlor after supper, or out to walk each evening.

Long afternoons and supper in the woods were frequent occurences. Helen's plans for sketching this bit of water, or that picturesque old log, were ruthlessly set aside for a climb up to the summit of some hill, or a long walk through the deep, rich woods in earnest conversation with the Englishman.

Helen, with the Wellesley girl's tendency to analyze, thought she had succeeded in dissecting Mr. Lane's character, as well as in defining her own position towards him.

One day, as she and her aunt drove together along the dusty river-road, she said, "How horrid it would be to be obliged to spend one's life-time in such a place as this! The scenery is beautiful, to be sure, but I should have to include some congenial people in a country of mine."

"Yes, my dear, the people are very crude and coarse. Plain, ordinary country-folk, who have suddenly made money in oil, and neither know how to spend nor save it. I wonder little that you are tired of them. Your uncle used to tell me many amusing stories of his visits here.

"One instance, I recall, of an old farmer who

'struck oil' on his farm and decided to send his only daughter into the city to school. One day he paid her a visit, and as he was about to leave, turned to the preceptress, and asked how his daughter was progressing. 'Very well,' she replied, 'but she has no capacity.' The old man drew out his pocket-book, pathetically saying, 'Oh! can't you buy her that?' I fancy that young Mr. Lane gets very tired of the society here. He seems to be a clever young fellow, quiet and well-bred—*a young man of good instincts*."—This was one of her aunt's highest expressions of commendation, and Helen was led to rejoin, "Yes, he is very agreeable, and I like him quite well. He isn't just as polished, as many men I know. But I presume the middle-class Englishman is not as cultivated as an American gentleman. Class-distinctions are still marked in England, and a young man in his position has a chance. Yet he seems to be innately refined, and his manners and language are irreproachable. How different he is from those other men who sit at the last table in the dining-room! I often wonder how he can endure them. The other day, he told me that he formerly sat at the table with them, and he said quite pitifully, 'Miss Marine, you have no idea what I have had to endure here." When I evinced sympathy he said with a perfectly unsuitable air, 'Ah! Miss Marine, you make sport of the Englishman too often, you should not be so cruel.' Sometimes, I feel sorry for him, Aunt, at all events, I'm not going to snub him. No, I am going to help him in every way that I can." Helen emphatically concluded, as she and her aunt, the latter smiling at her niece's determination, got out at the superintendent's office.

The same afternoon, about five o'clock, Mr. Lane might have been seen walking across the old wooden bridge towards the boarding-house, an alligator-bag in his hand, containing some half dozen engraving-blocks, and all the small instruments with which he worked. He seemed unusually pre-occupied. "I must get off by Saturday," he said, "the packing of those boxes ought not to take longer."

"May I see you in the parlor for a few moments after supper? I have brought over those engraving blocks," said Mr. Lane to Helen, as she and her aunt came into the dining-room.

"Why, how good of you, Mr. Lane, I shall be very much pleased to see them." He turned away, throwing down by her plate an old-fashioned pink rose that he had worn in his button-hole. Helen looked up to thank him, but he had disappeared.

"Aunt, you will enjoy looking at the blocks too: so come down as soon as you can," called Helen to her aunt as she went into the parlor.

Mr. Lane stood over the center-table, on which were scattered the engraving-blocks. He was dressed with more than usual care, and Helen thought that he looked uncommonly well. A man with a fine physique had always attracted her, and Sidney Lane's was an especially well-developed figure.

As she entered the room, Mr. Lane did not speak, but gazed admiringly at the girl's graceful form, in the quaintly-made heliotrope mulle, from which fell soft, black ribbons, and about her throat was a string of small Roman pearls. She had never before looked so charming. He forgot all about his blocks; he failed to observe whether she were dressed in a characteristic manner, as he had so often before done; he was desperately in love. —Helen's voice instantly re-called him.

"Do you know Soule Photographic? While we are waiting for aunt to come down you may be entertained looking over my small collection. I collected them when we were studying Realism and Idealism in Aesthetics, in our Junior Philosophy Course."

"Excellent idea, he solemnly commented, taking one of Detaille's battle-fields, while Helen instructed him after the most approved Wellesley method.

"You certainly do everything at Wellesley in the most thorough way. It must be a magnificent institution! a magnificent institution!"

"Here is one, the most beautiful of all the Madonnas, the Sistine, done by Raphael, the great Idealist," said Helen and she continued to discuss photograph after photograph, until they had all been gone over.

"How very kind!" he murmured, as she returned them to the case. "And now, let us try the duet we have been learning," went on Helen indefatigably, taking up his guitar. But the Englishman sat quietly back in his chair, inclined to do nothing but gaze at Helen, while she played

a weird Spanish air, of which he was particularly fond.

"I wish I could stay another month," he said, at last. "You do not go to-morrow?" she replied. "No, I thought I would be able to get-off Saturday. But, I find there is too much packing to be done. I want to take my own chemicals with me. There is such a difference in the qualities, you know." But, hastily lapsing into his former mood, he went on, "Miss Marine, you have really been very self-sacrificing to give up so many of your evenings to me. It has been one of the greatest pleasures of my life to meet such a woman as you. You have given me new ideas about everything. I am an entirely different man since I met you, you have been an inspiration to me, and I want to thank you and I——."

"Have you learned this cord?" gayly interrupted Helen. ', Let me hear you, and then I shall try to believe that all you are saying is true." "How I wish I had a guitar like that! Mr. Lane if you should ever become very poor and indigent, won't you let me buy it of you?" A serious look crossed the man's face, and he said in a half-frightened, appealing voice, "It's an old family heir-loom, you know, the one used by all my ancestors to woo their sweet-hearts. I wish I could help it to keep up its reputation."

Fortunately for Helen, Mrs. Marine's step was heard at that moment coming down stairs. "Come Aunt," she said, "we have been waiting for you."

Mr. Lane explained carefully and in an entertaining way, the process of wood-engraving and its difference from etching and steel-engraving. Like all good craftsmen he was an enthusiast and his hearers were very much interested.

That night, for the first time since she had come to Rynd Farm, Helen could not go to sleep. She arose at last, and going out on to the long balcony, sat in the moonlight, watchin the lazy mist creep slowly up from the river. "He acted so oddly to-night. Possibly I had better not have anything more to do with him. Though to be sure, I have only been agreeable. Any interest that I may taken in showing him those few chords on the guitar, or lending him books, and telling him about our compound miscroscopes, and Professor H's—method, and the photographs, was simply because, I think that it is one's duty to help a young man like him.—One so capable of profiting by every slight advantage thrown in his way. I wish aunt were a different sort of a person, and then I might talk it all over with her. Arthur, I know will not disapprove of anything I have done. I wish I had written him more explicitly.

"But it's all nonsense! Of course no harm can come of it. One should help one's fellow-men, without standing on ceremony, and in the morning I'll lend him Van Dyke's 'How to Judge of a Picture,' as I promised him. I hope I shall be able to sleep now. It seems to have grown cooler." With this soliloquy, Helen went into the house, unconscious, that in the room below her, the young Englishman was slowly and wearily pacing up and down the floor.

Saturday was the day appointed for Mr. Lane's departure. But he did not get his boxes packed. He would stay over another Sunday.

For Saturday afternoon Helen had planned a "last pic-nic" up at "The Caves," for her aunt, Mr. Lane and herself. All week, she had been suffering from a severe attack of neuralgia, and as it had rained hard on Friday, Mrs. Marine thought Helen had better not venture to go into the damp woods. Mr. Lane was sorely disappointed, but Helen, for some reason which she did not seem able to define, felt relieved.

The 6 : 30 train from the East had been in about a half an hour. Mr. Lane came up the darkling path to the old boarding-house, a great bunch of sweet-peas in his hand. His step was light and elastic, and a smile hovered about his thin lips. "I wonder if I can re-call those verses from Morris that she gave me to learn? She said they were suggestive of August,—What was it? *languor* and *dreaminess*:

"When men were happy, they could scarce tell why,
Although they felt the rich year slipping by."

There! I think I know them correctly. I wonder if she will come down stairs to-night. Yes, there is a light in the parlor. She must be there, I surely heard her voice."

He went into the dark hallway, hastened towards the half-open parlor door, but drew suddenly back. A tall, handsome man bent tenderly over Helen's chair.

"How good of you to come and surprise me,' she was saying. "You ought to have written me at once, Helen," was the reply in an injured, authoritive voice, but one containing tones unmistakable to the Englishman's sensitive ear. He staggered to his room, opened the door and went in. As he glanced about the room, a laugh of keen pain fell from his lips. There was the small leather trunk that he had packed, unpacked and re-packed within the last month; there were his fishing-rod, canes and umbrella tightly rubbered together, but lying in an obscure coner of the room; there was his guitar, from which hung the bit of lavender ribbon he had asked her for.

"They are all alike, flirts! The very noblest of them," he muttered. "But, it's characteristic, you know."

* * * * * * *

"Yes, he was called away very suddenly last night," said Mrs. Berry, the next morning, in reply to the inquiries of Mrs. Marine and Helen, as to Mr. Lane's inexplicable departure. "Here's a lot of sweet peas he left on his window-sill. If Miss Helen put them into water they might brighten up. I know she's awful fond of them."

N. K. F., Sp.

RHYMES FOR MY SWEETHEART.

Would you know my Sweetheart?
Eyes of brightest blue,
Hair that catches sunbeams,
Sends them gleaming through.

Do you know my Sweetheart?
Dimples in her cheek,—
Dimples where the fairies
Play at hide and seek.

Don't you know my Sweetheart?
Laugh brimful of glee,
Bird-like darts and flashes,
Busy as a bee.

These are Sweetheart's tokens,
Sure— you know her well!
All that is my Sweetheart,
Words were scant to tell.

Sweetheart's small soft fingers
Stealing o'er my hair;
Sweetheart's clinging kisses
Charm away all care.

Are things twisted, dearie?
Is the old world sad?
God has left the children;
We may still be glad. — *Effie Banta*, '91.

WRITING AS A POST-GRADUATE STUDY

Advice, as we all know, is plentifully cheap, as to what it is best to study, upon leaving college. But every college girl of course intends to go on with her work and so is as eager to have the right course selected, as the professors are to help in selecting it—anyone of whom in an afternoon can lay out work enough to last a lifetime. Once settled at home however, we shortly discover that time is no longer our own undisputed possession as at Wellesley, to be appropriated at pleasure, without fear of interruption. The question now is which study requires the least consecutive time and brings in the quickest returns.

In place of any particular study, I have been led by a combination of circumstances to try my hand at writing, so far on a somewhat microscopic scale. I seldom have more than an hour a day to devote to it, yet, even in such fragmentary bits, writing affords me enough pleasure to doubly repay me. Not in dollars and cents exactly,—for I do not belong to that class of agile writers, who can turn off finished manuscript as rapidly and easily as a saw-mill changes rough logs into smooth timber. Nor is my pleasure in writing due to the happy delusion that I already detect in myself traces of latent genius sure to develop later into brilliant literary success. No, while I may as well confess on the threshold that the present triumphs of authorship, viewed financially do not pay me, nor the undying hope of future fame comfort me when "my last story is back from all the magazines"—yet it seems to me that in other ways writing pays me well. There is about it a certain something which I call its every-day pleasure, an ever-recurring delight and reward that is but partially affected by success or failure and which nothing, not even the inexorable editor can take wholly away.

I find writing particularly helpful and much to be prized in that it furnishes a definite focus for rambling thoughts. Nothing helps me so decidedly to assimilate what I have read as some scheme of literary creation, if projected only in miniatuer

The more reading, the more imperative the need of something to offset it, else the mass of details drawn from miscellaneous sources, overcome by its own weight, becomes as stagnant as the Dead Sea for lack of an outlet.

A passing remark often serves to suggest a subject and with a subject once chosen it is astonishing how fast the literary seedling branches out and blossoms into an article. Observation once aroused, everybody I meet, whether intentionally or not pays tribute to the new theme. The most obstinately matter-of-fact acquaintance can at least be inveigled to piece out my supply of matter-of-fact statistics. Everything I read is teeming with suggestiveness. The out-door world, lying close about me reveals a hundredfold more beauties than before. If I am to write about flowers, each little field flower I pass by, props up its head and looks saucily at me as much as to say, "If you are going to write about flowers, you've got to tell them all about me."

It may be a strong corner of provincialism that I have run across and wish to describe. With such an aim in view, I find the place and the people, though there be little distinctive about them, far from tame or uninteresting. In the effect of surroundings on the people, I find the key to many idiosyncracies of thought and expression and learn to grasp the *raison d' etre* of the customs which go to make the locality what it is and differentiate it from its neighbors.

But it is from people who can talk back at me, that I get the most lively assistance in working up an article, especially if this be one involving current opinion. For in such a case, there is no possible way of getting at the facts except by dint of questioning. One can scarcely mingle with too many people or ask too many questions to get the exact trend of opinion,—a method that Professor Bryce has used with such telling effect in describing the growth of party influence and the strength of public opinion in the United States.

It is however when following up the scent for dialect that I make the richest and most unexpected finds. No one can understand until the experiment is tried, how racy the ordinary conversatian of the most ordinary people becomes under such circumstances. The deadliest bore of society or the most inveterate scandal-monger are not utterly devoid of charms, if they but adorn their tales with their own curious twists of expression.

But simply to collect the new material is not the end of writing. It is only the beginning of the end. The conglomerate of ideas collected from everywhere has to be sorted, sifted and boiled down repeatedly, before order is wrought out of chaos, and the whole made clear and compact and ready for the editor. Finally the article sets out in quest of publication, and once out of sight the scheme of some new subject creeps into mind. I think of the many profoun l sayings I will put into the next manuscript, *if only the last one is accepted.* But should the editor "decline with thanks" as editors are prone to do, he cannot deprive me of the inner consciousness that my ideas so muddy at the outset have been wonderfully clarified by the process of writing and the subject worked over invested with an interest that does not wear off.

On the contrary, if my article is accepted, how can I describe the exuberant, ecstatic joy that tingles in my very finger-tips. I am lifted high above my surroundings into the august realm of the Forty Immortals. I feel my intellectual superiority at every breath and wonder if my face does not beam with self-esteem. Verily my *Himmel hängt voll Geigen*, the air, the light, the sunshine are all intoxicating. With a burst of enthusiasm I declare I will write all the rest of my life, and begin that very instant before the glow of enthusiasm dies away.

But the glow of enthusiasm does not die away. It stays to cast a roseate hue over everything I do. This new found resource of writing has inherent in it the power to banish completely the dreary monotony of every-day.

I know a little woman whose house is made one scene of distracting care by an energetic step-mother who persists in filling every moment with the infinite details of house-work. In self-defence she has improvised a world of her own, to which the step-mother knows no "open sesame." Thither while her fingers fly mechanically about her tasks, she slyly betakes herself. Here little by little she plots her stories, selects her characters and spins her conversations. Thus the continuous routine of her life does not tend to narrow her, nor the mediocrity of those about, belittle her, since

writing elevates her far above them both.

I have in mind another friend, to whom writing has recently proved itself a solace undreamt of in former times. Health-exiled from an Eastern home and friends to the arid land of sun beyond the Rocky mountains, cut off from libraries, music and art, there is little left him to enjoy but nature. But nature in the far West, with her vast stretches of desert plains and barren rocks, unwatered, untilled, uninhabited seems to defy approach or familiarity, she is always calm and imperturbable, but awful in her loneliness. The overwhelming solitariness of camp life, undisturbed by human voices, with no sound but the plaintive cry of the mourning dove, seems to penetrate the very soul. What can break through the isolation of such a life and free one from the solitude that hems one in on every side? How can one be made to feel that there is anything left in common uniting him to the world outside? Writing born of such necessity has opened up the way. It serves to keep his thoughts ever vibrating in sympathy with the outer world; it gives a purpose to his reading; it vivifies nature and more than this. Gradually he has come to find himself initiated into a new realm, the realm of authors, that knows no narrow bounds of locality but reaches out to include among its own, all those, whether known or unknown, near or remote, who strive after literary beauty and seek to make known the truth as it is revealed to them.

Helen Frances (Page) Bates, '83.

MATUTINAL.

Sweep and brush, sweep and brush,
Maiden the corridor keeping!
Brush, brush, thump and brush,
Early the corridor sweeping!
Come with a rustle, pause with a blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little chum,
While my peaceful chum,
Sleeps.

Wake and toss, wake and toss,
Sleep now has hastened away;
Toss, toss, wax not cross,
Sleep will no longer stay.
Sleep now has fled from my unwilling eyes,
Startled, has sped, all unheeding my sighs,
Fled at the sound of a broom;
Sleep, my little chum,
Blissful, unconscious chum,
Sleep.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On Sunday, October 12, Rev. J. Galbraith, of Worcester, preached in the Chapel, taking his text from Matthew vi: 33, "But seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

* * *

Several dainty notes phrased, "The Club of '94 Finis, Saturday, Oct. 11th, Four o'clock. Old Art Hall," announced the last social of the Sub-Freshmen. In response a dozen former comrades, some of whom have now joined '93's ranks, helped to brighten the "Elocution Suite" while all the Wellesley world was enthusiastically interested in the Tennis Tournament, or the coming elections. The by-no-means small talent comprised in the limited circle was especially exemplified in Roberta Allen's tasteful selections which showed the good use she had made of her talent as a violinist. A few piano selections and a song by Grace Grenell, who has joined '93 but hopes to continue her vocal studies, preceded the reading of the history of the club which fully realized the expectations which the Sub-Freshmen indulged when they elected Sarah Hickenlooper to the office of historian. "Nonaginta quattuor—salutem" introduced the "ditty" in the metre of the "Pied Piper of Hamlin" in which the arguments of "the parliamentary member," the bliss of the one who had "some nice boy" at the Junior Promenade, the woes of the waiters on that occasion, and the difficulty of a decision in the case of three beautiful Tree Day costumes, beside other incidents were all amply described. Four were affectionately dismissed to "the higher sphere"—the race which though "coming" has gone, and many tears fell as the historian read,—

Sometimes when folks are offended,
And have unjust wordings blended,
Quarreled in fact, and then descended
To their peace once more
Say they softly to one another
"All the sparks of wrath we'll smother,
Bury we the *hatchet*, brother,
And be friends again."
Unlike these in cause or reason,
In this now our final season
To *Freshmen* (to avoid all treason)
Bury *we* the *Club*.

Our college caterer served the delicious ices and cake which were fully appreciated, and with affectionate farewells to one another and the beloved Chairman the Club adjourned to meet no more.

* * *

On Saturday evening, October 14, there was an unusual stir within the College walls. Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores hurried through the corridors to their

respective meeting places, with faces bright with hope, or clouded with anxiety. That something of the greatest importance was about to occur was very evident, and to one initiated into the ways of college life, that something could mean nothing less than class elections; and class elections it proved to be.

The Senior elections in the Chemical Lecture Room made the scene animated from seven o'clock until after silent time. The joyous demonstration at the unanimous election of the president was twice repeated when congratulations were received from '92 and '93. The result of the elections was as follows: Miss Bertha Palmer, president; Miss Margaret Wrenn, vice-president; Miss Hattie Jones, recording secretary; Miss Juliette Wall, corresponding secretary; Miss Grace Jackson, factotum; Miss Myrtilla Avery, 1st historian; Miss Katherine Gleason, 2nd historian; Miss Alice Stevens, Miss Alice Arnold, and Miss Sallie Reed, executive committee.

A prayer-meeting committee was appointed, consisting of Miss Margaret Wrenn, Miss Alice Arnold, and Miss Charlotte Sibley.

* * *

NINETY-TWO, in all her Junior dignity, assembled her forces in the Physical Lecture Room. There was a full attendance. Little danger was there of the wail "no buorum," arising anywhere that evening, among Seniors, Juniors or Sophomores. Class spirit waxed strong and enthusiastic. Before the opening of the meeting, '92 presented her president with a large bunch of exquisite pink and white roses, a proof of love and gratitude toward her who lead them in safety through the mazes and intricacies of the Sophomore year. After the presentation of the flowers there was a short business meeting, and then the elections began. Of course it was all very exciting. '92 was far from being dilatory. With her usual expediency and unanimity she succeeded in electing all her officers before the warning peal of the bell announced that all class meetings must disperse. The officers for the Junior year are as follows: Miss Candace Stimson, president; Miss Grace Underwood, vice-president: Miss Geraldine Longley, recording secretary; Miss Emma McAlarney, corresponding secretary; Miss Martha McCauley, treasurer; Miss Florence Wilkinson, 1st historian; Miss Florence Converse, 2nd historian; Miss Dora Emerson, Miss Gertrude Smith, and Miss Clara Walton, executive committee; Miss Lillian Crawford, and Miss Pauletta Guffey, factotums.

Loud bursts of applause greeted every election, showing the enthusiasm and unanimity of the class. During the evening '91 and '93 sent delegates, who in happy little speeches, congratulated '92 upon her election of president, and wished her all success in the ensuing year

"THE '93 Class-meeting will be held in the Gymnasium at seven o'clock this evening. Each girl bring a chair from the dining-room." So read the notice.

Promptly at seven o'clock, '93 flocked to the Gymnasium, eager for action and especially enthusiastic over the election of her special representative. Before the opening of the regular elections, Miss Kellogg was presented with a set of Shakespeare as a small token of the love and gratitude of her class, and with the hope that in her future study of Shakespeare, she might find the volumes helpful. The Class felt that Miss Kellogg was especially qualified to hold again the office which she so faithfully filled last year and she was unanimously re-elected to the Presidency. Congratulations from '91 and '92 were received after this election.

Miss Mary B. Hill was heartily welcomed to the staff of officers. Here, again, the enthusiasm broke forth in loud applause. The following under-officers were elected:

Recording Secretary,	Miss Lydia O. Pennington,
Corresponding Secretary,	Miss Edith White.
Treasurer,	Miss Mary U. Lincoln.
1st Historian,	Miss Elinor F. Ruddle.
2nd Historian,	Miss Caroline N. Newman.

At silent time, the gymnasium was again deserted and although '93 had not yet completed her elections, they congratulated themselves upon the fact that "'93 is still Miss Una Nimity."

* * *

THE first concert of the College year was given on Monday evening, Oct. 13, 1890, by the Beethoven Club, of Boston, assisted by Mrs. Humphrey-Allen, soprano. The artists are all well known in Wellesley, and were most gratefully received by their audience. The following programme was beautifully rendered:—

Suite for Sextette, Op. 16, No. 1. - *Kurth.*
(New, unpublished, played by the Beethoven Club by special arrangement with the composer.)

a. Vorspiel. *c.* Barcarolla.
b. Intermezzo. *d.* Tarantella.

Scene from "Hamlet," *Thomas.*

Flute Solos.

Romanza, ... *St. Saens.*
Caprice, ... *Terschak.*
Entr' acte from "Rosamunde," . *Shubert.*
Fantasie for Violincello, . . *Servais.*
"O Cara Memoriam."

Song, "From Monte Pincio," . . *Grieg.*
Violin Solo . . . . . *Allen.*
Romanza (for G string), Op. 6. Berceuse, Op. 9.
Two Songs (new), with Violin Obligato. *Weil.*
Swedish Melodies, . . . *Svendsen.*
Serenade, Impromptu, ... *Gillet.*

The selections were all new, none having been given before at Wellesley, while many were there heard for the first time in America. The first number was a most charming Suite, all of whose movements were very pleasing, being shorter and not so fully developed as those of sonatas and symphonies. Mrs. Allen's rendering of the mad scene of Ophelia, from Hamlet, was a great triumph, and could only be appreciated by lovers of Shakespeare. Mrs. Allen has made very apparent gain from her European study, especially in her chromatic work, while the fullness and strength of her high sustained tones were remarkable. Her singing, always so beautiful, was unusually exquisite, for both tone and expression were wonderful. Mr. Van Santvoord's flute solos were exceedingly graceful and delicate, the execution of the Romanza being remarkably smooth and finished; while the character of the "Caprice" was bright and sparkling, though there was the same liquid grace of touch. Miss Pray's tone and execution in Servais' "Fantasie for 'Cello" were wonderfully fine. The Italian song, by Grieg, was charming, never before having been performed in this country. Mr. Allen's violin solos had unusual interest, being composed by him who played them, and therefore having perfect interpretation. Weil's songs with violin obligato, rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Allen, were delicate and beautiful, while, in Svendsen's Melodies, there was the same quaintness of harmony usual in Swedish melody. Mrs. Allen was most charming throughout the evening, and is always heartily welcomed by the Wellesley audience. The entire concert was delightful, and greatly appreciated.

* * *

One o'clock found the class in Domestic Economy at the Lynn station eager to be initiated into the mysteries of house-keeping. We were met at the station by our hostess's sister who guided the long line of girls up one street and down another until we finally reached our destination, a small two-story, yellow house, with the hostess in the door-way smiling a welcome to us all.

We were all presented and laughingly asked to go up-stairs as we came in, as the front hall could not very well accommodate the whole score of us. Upstairs we filed into the dainty rooms with oaken furniture, light paper, and pretty white curtains. Our debate as to whether we should take off our hats or not was put an end to by our hostess saying, "Oh yes, you can't go for a long time."

As dinner would not be ready for a half an hour we were given free permission to go everywhere in the house and see everything. So we went about prompted by curiosity and our pleasure in the small cosy home, hesitating at times as we remembered the lessons so carefully instilled into our minds as children, about prying into other people's affairs, but reassured again by our hostess's carte blanche invitation to go anywhere.

Exploration is a very inappropriate word to use when speaking of the small house with its parlor, dining-room, kitchen, little front hall and closet or two on the first floor; its two bed-rooms, small back room, smaller study and smallest bath-room on the second.

On the walls of the parlor and dining-room we saw beautiful heads of Scott and of Burns. Pictures of Marguerite, of Whittier, of Holmes, and of John Alden absorbed in the Puritan maiden Priscilla.

Our hostess was busy in the kitchen, where we were all called to see the Aladdin oven, which was at that moment cooking our dinner. All of us who have ever had anything to do with cooking knew how much depends upon the baking. However carefully the ingredients are measured and mixed, or the eggs beaten you are never certain of bread, cake or pie until it is baked, and many a time the despairing cook is ready to exclaim, "Inconstancy, thy name is oven!" That apostrophe however applied to the ordinary range, the temperature of the Aladdin oven is constant, or rather it never rises above three hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit, so nothing can burn, neither is it hot enough to turn the juices of our meats into gases which wander all over the room instead of remaining in the meats to give them their proper flavors. In fact onions and custards are cooked amicably side by side in the Aladdin, neither infringing on the rights of the other.

But what is this oven like? We saw before us an iron stand three feet high, on top of which was a box about four feet each way. Directly under the stand, raised a little from the floor, was a lamp, whose name, Jumbo, may give some idea of its size. Such a large one was used, however, because the family for that day had grown from two to twenty, generally an ordinary lamp was all that was needed.

The box was made of heavy, incombustible paper and bound with metal. Within this outer box was the iron oven, a margin of about one inch being left all around between the oven and its covering. Directly over the lamp chimney in the bottom of the outer box there is a round hole Heated air rising from the lamp passes up through this opening into the chamber surrounding the iron oven. The paper is a non-conductor so that heat from the lamp is caught and held there. With a lamp of a certain size your heat is a fixed quantity, you can tell exactly how long to cook anything, and nothing is burned. Instead of kindlings, coal and and ashes to take care of, you have only one lamp, and when the food is placed in the oven all anxiety regarding it may cease. The most inexperienced of cooks becomes an adept in a short time.

On another side of the kitchen is a stove which

heated the water for the house. The boiler was out of sight, boxed off in one corner.

As the Aladdin oven cooked very slowly it was unsuitable for baking cookies, muffins, gingerbread. Our hostess had an oil stove with a tin oven over it to bake these in.

On being asked whether we would see the cellar then or wait until after dinner, it was agreed to wait until after dinner. We filed back into the parlor and dining-room which were connected by folding doors and almost entirely filled with the tables and chairs around them.

After a merry dinner to which we did full justice we all gathered around to discuss the comparative merits of the ordinary range and her Atchinson's Aladdin oven. Let me tell you one decided advantage of the latter. at least in the mind of our hostess, after putting the dinner in the oven, she can leave it there and go out to make calls, or creep up to the study and read Browning.

After this we went down the well-lighted stairway to the cellar which we pronounced quite ideal. Its owner did not consider it however, but said her cellar would be when they built, and hereupon cordially invited us to see that perfect cellar, adding however tnat she did not know where we would all be by that time.

It was then almost train-time and after cordial good-byes were said we left the little home all hoping to see its mistress again soon at Wellesley. As the procession was retracing its steps to the station we turned back or a last look at the house, and there upon the door-steps was our hostess, her white handkerchief waving us a farewell. You may be sure our handkerchiefs and hands returned the salute, until the intervening house hid her from sight. Yes we enjoyed her house and her hospitality very much but, may I add that I am sure that most of all we enjoyed the hostess.

What impression did this visit leave on the minds of the guests? Dare it be said that perhaps their imagination conjured up something not unlike that house in Lynn and wished that Father Time would take the poet's pen and give these

"Airy nothings
A local habitation and a name."

Then life is—to wake not sleep,
Rise and not rest, but press
From earth's level where blindly creep
Things perfected, more or less,
To the heaven's height far and steep,

Where, amid what strifes and storms
May wait the adventurous quest,
Power is Love— transports, transforms
Who aspired from worst to best,
Thought the soul's world, spurned the worm's.

—*Browning.*

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE news from Miss Shafer is as favorable as could be hoped, but still it is uncertain when she will return.

PROF. J. B. Thomas of Newton Center will preach in the College Chapel on Sunday, October twenty-fourth.

THE following extract, from the "Boston Evening Gazette" of Sept. 20, will be interesting to those who met Miss Smith, while she was visiting Dr. Webster:—

"Among the passengers by the Cephalonia, which arrived last Saturday, was one whose name is well known in English literary circles, Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith, of London. To some older Bostonians, the name will recall that of her father, the late Toulmin Smith, who, half a century ago, resided here for some years, and was well known for his interest in historical subjects, and whose work, "The Discovery of America by the Northmen," was the first to bring together in English the curious evidences, existing in ancient Icelandic and Danish records, of the discovery and settlement of America by Europeans, in the tenth century. Mr. Toulmin Smith returned to England, where he became eminent as a Parliamentary lawyer and an authority on all questions of early English and constitutional law. In all these studies his daughter was his companion and helper, and, after his death some twenty years ago, she continued in the same line of antiquarian and historical studies. and has gradually made herself a name as one of the most thorough and reliable delvers among the records of the past. Her first considerable work was that on "Early English Gilds," published by the Early English Text Society, which her father had planned and begun, and which indeed was issued, as originally announced, under his name, but which was substantially his daughter's work. Since then she has edited, for the Camden Society, "Ricart's Kalendar," an ancient city chronicle of Bristol; "Gorboduc," one of a series of antique English texts, published in Germany; "A Century of Shakespeare's Plays," for the Shakespeare Society; "The York Mystery Plays," issued by the Clarendon Press; and, quite recently, in conjunction with M. Paul Mever, "Les Contes Moralisès de Nicole Bozon," one of the old preaching Friars of the fourteenth century.,,

MISS Perrin, '91, was called home suddenly last week, on account of the death of her father.

MISS Emily Stewart, '93, left college last week, on account of illness.

MISS Henriette St. Barbe Brooks, '91, has resigned the presidency of Phi Sigma, on account of ill-health,

THE Freeman library is still growing larger. The following books have already been added to it, and more are expected:

Sully's Psychology.
Flemming's Vocabulary of Philosophy.
Walker's Political Economy.
James Freeman Clarke's Ten Great Religions.
Epoch of History Series: Frederick the Great, and The French Revolution.
Page's Acts of the Apostles (in Greek, with annotations.)
Fairbanks' Life of Christ.
Cambridge Greek Testament Gospels.
Muller's History of Recent Times.
Hand-book of English History.
Age of Despots, The Revival of Learning. The Fine Arts, by Simons.

PHI SIGMA this year as last year will have its reunions on Wednesday evenings,

IT has been noticed that the "Wellesley flower girl," who stations herself daily in the First Floor Centre, finds most of her patronage in '94.

LAST year's organ-grinder has appeared again to inspire the hard-working students by his cheerful strains. Why is it that the hard-working students are so hard to be inspired?

THE dampness in the air affected the students at Wood last week. The cottage was almost turned into a hospital. The unfortunate ones are recovering now however.

TO the great pleasure of the whole College Mrs. Palmer led the Chapel service on Tuesday of last week.

THE Chapel desk has been moved to the left-hand side of the platform, and at last the Beethoven Society can hear the reading. The change gives the Chapel a quite strange appearance.

MISS Currier has organized a class in voice culture among the Seniors. This will be a great aid to the Chapel singing, as the Seniors will be a valuable supplement to the Beethoven Society.

THE Tennis Tournament is progressing as well as can be expected amid the multitudinous other college engagements. Last week those few fortunate mortals who could snatch a minute from the busy days watched with much interest seven matches,—six singles and one double. The results were as follows:—

Miss Bolltwood defeated Miss Blakeslee; 6—3, 6—4
Miss Thayer defeated Miss Dodge; - 6—0, 6—1
Miss Wilkinson defeated Miss Moore; - 6—1, 6—2
Miss Dodge defeated Miss Pope; - - 6—3, 8—6
Miss Parker vs. Miss Feeny, won by Miss Parker; - - - - 6—4, 6—4
Miss Winslow vs. Miss Weston, won by Miss Winslow; - - - - 6—2, 6—2

The match between Miss Bolltwood and Miss Blakeslee, and that of Miss Wilkinson against Miss Moore were particularly interesting. Much good playing was done on both sides and the victories were hard-fought. If Miss Moore is an example of what the Freshman class can do in the way of tennis, it has cause to be proud, and those of a prophetic turn of mind may predict the championship of future years for '94.

Speaking of winners, the prizes in the Tournament have been selected. For first prizes in singles, a seven dollar racket; for second prize in singles, a scarf pin. The first prizes in doubles are two framed photographs, chosen from among those which Miss Denio exhibited last week in the Art Building. The second prizes in doubles are two silver hat pins. By the way, why is there no Tennis Association of Women's Colleges? It would give great zest to the local tournaments and the "Inter-collegiate Tournament" would be one of the great events of the year.

THERE was a great disturbance caused in Silent Time at College Hall, one evening last week by the unseemly intrusion of a mouse. There ought to be a college rule prohibiting such visitors to enter rooms between the hours of half past nine and quarter before ten.

IT is a fact worthy of mention that Waban numbers among its occupants, four Presidents,—'91, '92, Special and Zeta Alpha, two ex-Presidents,—the Christian Association and Phi Sigma, and '92's vice-president.

MISS Florence Soule, '89, and her friend from London University lunched at Norumbega last week.

MISS Palmer delighted the Norumbega girls by her presence in her old home.

MRS Florence Newman Pierson spent last week at Norumbega.

MISS Yeaman, '88, has contributed to the Norumbega library the Century for the year 1890.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

SIX Siamese students have been sent by the government of Siam to be educated in this country. They go to Westminster College, New Wilmington, Pa.

HEREAFTER the University of the City of New York will admit women to the classes in the law course on the same conditions as men.

THE board of overseers of Harvard have made seventeen the age required for admission instead of nineteen.

AN examination in gymnastics is now required of John Hopkins' under-graduates before a degree is conferred.

PRESIDENT Bartlett, of Dartmouth, has issued a circular asking the aid of the parents of Sophomores in putting an end to hazing and rushing at Dartmouth.

1,200,000 cigarettes are sold every month by one New Haven firm to Yale students.—*Ex.*

THE inter-collegiate lawn tennis tournament began at New Haven, Oct. 6.

DR. Harper, of Yale, will give a course of ten lectures in Bible study at Vassar, beginning Oct. 5.

THE students at Harvard have taken charge of a movement to raise $100,000 for a new library building. A committee of students has been appointed. George Bancroft, the oldest living alumnus, heads the list of the alumni committe which will send an appeal to all the alumni.

UNION College is to have several fine chapter-houses soon.

WHEN the new organ at Smith College is placed in position, there will be opened a twelve weeks' course in church music. Students in this course, will be fitted to be organists, choir singers, and choir directors. Leading clergymen have been secured to give lectures on the different subjects connected with the work.

HON. Andrew D. White has an important article in the October number of the North American Review, in relation to the future of American colleges and universities. A well-adjusted system, he says, embraces a general public-school system, an intermediate college system, and finally universities and training schools. In the intermediate colleges he proposes that the Freshman year begin two years earlier than the Freshman year in most of the better colleges at present, and continue up to the point reached at the beginning of the Junior year. After three years of advanced study at the university, the student would receive his second degree. The present system tends to bring ridicule on higher education in America, and on our colleges and universities.

OUR EXCHANGES.

She mourned and sighed that every right
Was thwarted by the rules of school,
And whispered, "I'm a Parnellite
Because I want home rule."—*Ex.*

Smiling fondly, up she gazed,
  Resting on his manly arm,
Then her ruby lips were moving,
  They were lips would charm —
Anchorite or Benedictine,
  E'en Saint Antony austere.
And he bent his noble head down,
  Listening her sweet voice to hear,
But her words were, "Love, your necktie
  Has slipped round beneath your ear."

—*Yale Record.*

AT EVENING.

The sun had kissed the western wave
  And bade the world good night,
While in the sky the little clouds
  Hung blushing at the sight.

The little wave came laughing in
  From out on the rolling sea,
And paused a moment on the sands
  And kissed them merrily.

The evening breezes gently played
  About the boulders bare
And kissed their loneliness away,
  And lingered fondly there.

A youth and maiden walked the while,
  I tell no wondrous deed,
When twilights shadow's kissed the shore
  He followed Nature's lead.

—*Williams Weekly.*

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